

Leaving

by august

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Leaving

>Title: Leaving
Author: august
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Spoilers: Orision
>Rating: R
Codes: UST, Scully angst
>Summary: "The time when kindness falls like rain, it washes me away"
- A. Duritz
Archives: With thanks but please let me know where
it's going.
>
Story Notes: This is my first X-Files fic, I'm a refugee from
another genre. I hope I have got the posting codes vaguely accurate.
Comments and suggestions welcomed - I don't have the characters down
yet, I'm sorry.
>
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>
Leaving
>by august (appelsini@hotmail.com)

>
She thought about leaving, seriously, about leaving. When the
office had burnt and she was holding Mulder, when they had lain on
the ice, when she had been tattooed and implanted and left destitute,
left in the field, in the car-yard, left alone and covering his arse,
left in an office where the words 'it's my life too' had hung
(pushed) between them.
>
Or when she was lying on the floor, Danny Pfaster above her or
Ed Jerse below her. Both had thrown her across the room, in the end.
She was sure this was not the way normal people lived their life.
Sometimes, she couldn't quite shake the feeling that she should have
had a practice in Ohio. Quiet, clean and lots of grey.

>
Sometimes she wished she didn't know what blood tasted like in
her mouth.
>
Pfaster had bent her arms behind her back and she had screamed.
With all she had seen and known, it took the stretching of muscle and
skin to make her cry aloud. She had cried as she dragged herself
across her bedroom floor, all the time wondering why she had not

cried for the lepers in the bottom of the pit, for the cloned children. The cloth binding her hands had burnt her skin and she knew Colonization would be worse than this, but at the moment she welcomed it if that meant she would only
>survive Pfaster.

>Had she?

>(She would walk across that floor hundreds of times in the future, remembering the pact. Often cringing at the thought. And, occasionally, welcoming it.)

>"My report will reflect that." He had said, in a voice layered with kindness.

>She could hate him sometimes. That he could dare to absolve her. That he could look at her with kindness, not understanding, forgetting every time this situation had been reversed. Forgetting everything she had done seen felt been for 'his' work. Forgetting that it was hers now, too.

>But then sometimes he sits next to her on the bed, his hand resting slightly on her knee. And she remembers how much easier it is to breathe with someone who fears Colonization, who knows Colonization and implants and cancer and dead children mothers fathers.

>With someone who has seen death - seen her death, and still smiles like they have a chance to beat it all.

>
** end **
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> <p><p>

End
file.